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PAGES 1-12, 25-36

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## So Far...

LAST ISSUE, EIGHT people arrived at Count House, drove there by forces they could not explain.

Their hosts, a pair of sweeting ghosts named Uncle Creepy and Cousin Bone, answered even their most desperate questions with wisecracks and darkly silly puns. It was a terrible situation, made far worse by the tragic experience of three of the "guests"—the Evansons, a spate-happy couple, and Carlotta, a jaded prostitute. All three met their fate in their rooms, where they experienced hellish sensations that mimed their deepest fears. The phenomena they encountered drove them to madness and beyond—to the most gruesome and terrifying of deaths.

Five worried survivors remained at Count House: Ronald Storn, a television executive; Roland Rockwell, a televangelist; Toggett, a former pro football player turned television star; the mystery man who called himself Crawford; and Jackie Donahue, a too-eager-to-please, all-American teenager.

Meanwhile, miles away, a bounty hunter named J.J. Jackson combed to track an escaped convict named Zack Selden. She believed she'd finally found her man at a hospital, where, to her dismay, she found instead a blind man victim carrying Zack Selden's identification. As Jackson approached the severely injured man, he slipped into unconsciousness, whispering, "The house... get to get to the house."

Seven of the "guests" inside Count House had hellish gemstones in their possession. A mystical symbol hanging on a wall, adjacent to the front door, had seven empty spaces. As the Evansons and Carlotta expired, their gems disappeared and rematerialized in the symbol.

Outside the Creepy House, outside in the street, a mysterious wolf watched and waited.



### CREEPY: THE LIMITED SERIES

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ALL NEW 48 PAGE THRILLER!

# CREEPY

SHIPS MAY  
2013  
BOOK 2

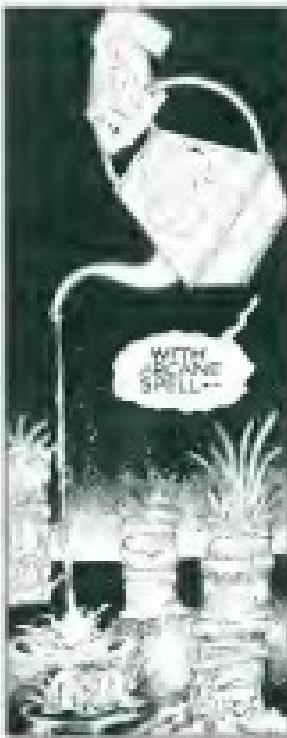
Peter David  
Colleen Doran

Tom Sutcliffe

Bretzel  
Dackhoff  
Visconti  
Infante  
Row



BREKTON





AND  
UNDEAD  
MAIDS ALL  
IN A  
ROW!

# LOST... IN TRANSIT

CHAPTER ONE

WRITTEN BY  
RICHARD  
DAVID & HOWELL  
LAYOUTS BY  
COLLEEN GORMAN  
FINISHED ART BY  
TOM SUTTON  
LETTERS BY  
KAREN CANNONHAM  
COLOR BY  
HOWELL & RYVES

THAT POOR  
FAMOUS  
GIRL

YOU MEAN THE ONE  
YOU USED TO HAPPIER  
TO AS "THAT BRAZEN  
HARLOT"?



NOW GET ME  
TRANSPORTATION OUT  
OF HERE OR I  
TEAR YOUR EYEBALLS  
OUT OF THEIR  
HEADS!



GREAT  
NEGOTIATING  
TACTIC, LUDWIGSON!  
— KNOCK HIM  
COLD.



WHO'S WHO  
THE HELL  
AT THIS  
GUY?



LOOK, OFFICE, I TRACKED  
HIM DOWN TO THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF THIS TOWN,  
GOODIN.

DODDINGHAM,  
MR. JACKSON.  
THIS IS GOOD.  
YOU NEW  
HERE?

YEAH,  
SMELL  
WHAT I BROUGHT.

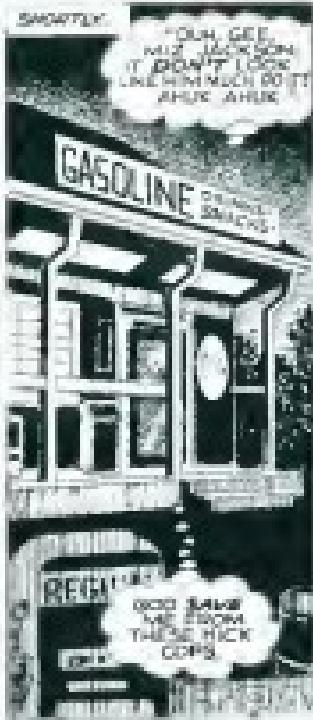
SO THEN,  
I FIND OUT THAT  
NELSON WAS IN SOME SORT  
OF AUTO ACCIDENT AND WAS  
BROUGHT TO THIS HOSPITAL  
BUT FARS AREN'T TELLSIN

WELL,  
THIS WAS  
THE OWNER'S  
LICENSE HE  
HAD ON HIM.  
MR. JACKSON.  
WHERE?

SABATHY:

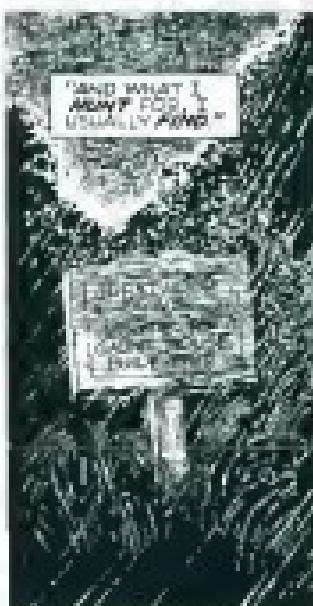
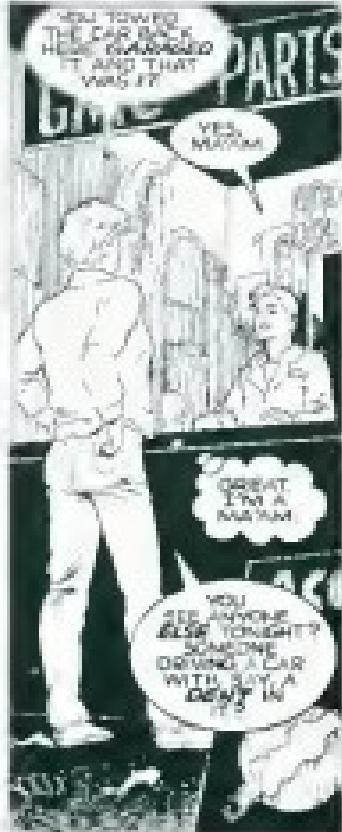
"OH, GEE,  
MR. JACKSON.  
IT DON'T LOOK  
LIKE HE MUCH BO'D IT  
AHUE AHUE,

SOON THAT  
MORNING  
IT THAT  
DON'T LOOK  
MUCH LIKE  
THE GUY IN  
THE BED,  
DOES IT?



SO LET'S SEE IF I GOT  
THE INFORMATION WHO YOU  
WERE CALLED TO THE  
SCENE OF THIS CAR  
CRASH BUT THERE WAS  
ONLY ONE CAR THERE  
AND THEY WERE PULLING  
OUT OF THE CAR  
THE GUY WHO'S  
NOW IN THE  
HOSPITAL

THREE  
ARMY  
MAN

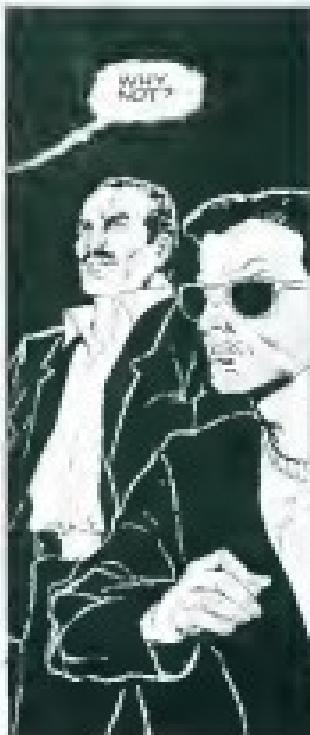
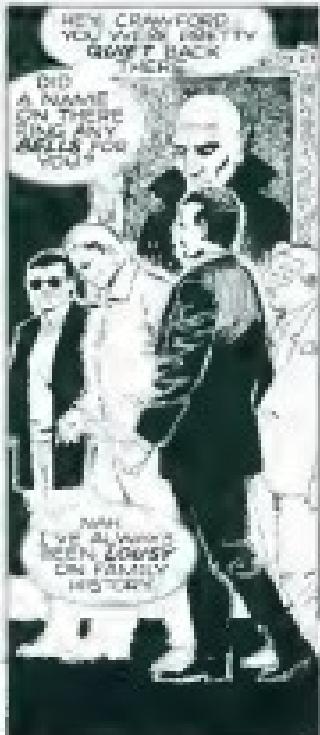


WE'VE SEARCHED HALF THIS PLACE TRYING TO FIND SOME ANSWERS TO WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE.

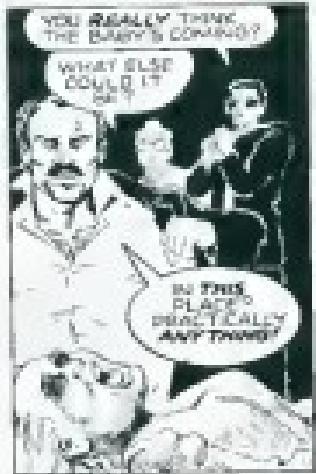
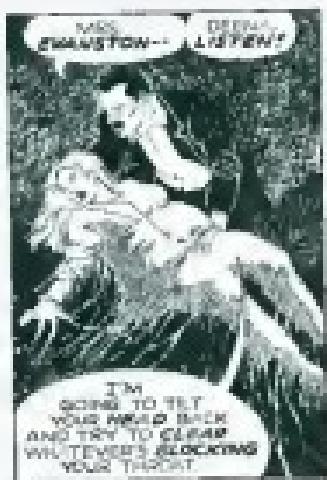
THE ANSWER IS TO GET OUT OF HERE.

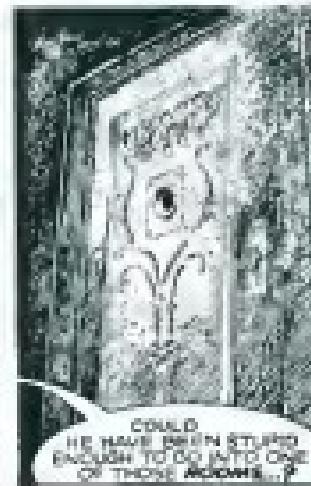
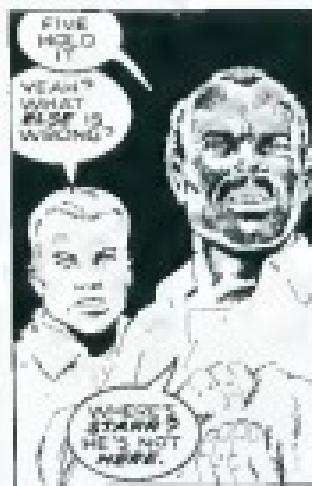












He was disorienting for a moment  
but it gave just back the last  
surviving spark. The last  
eyes the slow fading, steady  
breath.

HE'D KILLED IT  
ALL HIS LIFE.

THE TROUBLE WITH BEARS  
COMES OF PREDATION, AS  
SABRE TOOTH COULD TELL  
YOU. AND THEY'RE FAST.  
THEY'RE BRAVE, AND THEY  
NEVER GIVE UP, AND YOU  
CAN FEEL THEIR HUNGER  
IT'S BEEN AINT THROUGH  
YOU.

AND THERE YOU ARE IN  
YOUR HEAVY SLEEPING  
BAGS — AND EVERY  
BODY IN THAT SIGHT  
IS WAKENING YOU.  
DODGE, DODGE, DODGE,  
LETTING THEM  
CHASE YOU CLOSER  
AND CLOSER...

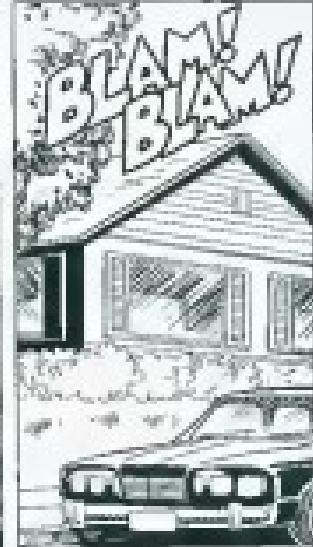
# CHASE

KURT BUSSEK  
SCRIPT  
KEVIN  
CUMMINGS  
LETTERS

DAVE COCKRUM  
PENCILS  
PAUL  
HOBSON  
COLORS

RICHARD  
HORNELL  
INKS





--ONCE THEY FEEL THEY  
START CHASING YOU AGAIN  
AND THIS TIME THEY'RE  
FASTER AND THEY'RE  
STICKIER.

--AND THEY KNOW WHERE  
YOU'RE CHASING.

IT TOOK A LONG  
TIME FOR THEM  
TO CATCH UP.

--AND WHEN THEY DO,  
SOMETHING HAS TO HURT  
ME SO THEY'LL THINK THAT'S  
WHERE THEY'RE HUNGRY FOR.



--I MUST ADMIT IT, I HAD  
MY DOWNTIME WITH CONRAD  
BROUGHT YOU IN HERE, BUT  
YOU ARE AN EXCELLENT  
PROFESSIONAL  
AND AN EXCELLENT  
EXECUTIVE.

MARY THURSTON,  
YOU ARE  
GENIUS.



AH, AS LONG WE SHOULD  
MENTION  
ABOUT TALKING.  
GENIUS.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY  
CONRAD, TOO. I HATE TO  
SEE HIM UP--I FEEL LIKE A  
TORTOISE. DURING THE REHEARSals  
FOR SHOW, BUT

HE WORKS SO HARD--  
HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW  
TO SLOW DOWN, AND I  
SEE HIM AT HOME, AND  
IT'S--HE'S NOT A VOLUNTEER  
ANALYST ANY MORE  
YOU KNOW?





THANKS FOR BRINGING THIS TO MY ATTENTION. YOUR GRANDFATHER'S LUCKY TO HAVE YOU SON.



AND WHEN YOU GET  
THAT'S YOU START TO  
FEEL LIKE HAVING  
A LOT OF THE RIGHT.



IT'S GOING TO BE SWELLING,  
PRETTY MUCH THE TWO OF US,  
AND I'VE JUST TURNED  
IN THE SEQUEL.

BLT LOOK, YOU USED  
TO TELL ME IF I WANTED  
TO DO ANYTHING OUT  
HERE...



YOU  
NOT  
BROTHERS,  
ARMED - YOUR  
WISH AND ALL THAT  
WHAT'S UP?

IT'S A SISTER  
DEA, SCOTT OR  
A MURKIN-  
COMEDY

A MURKIN AND A MURKIN - THEY WORK  
TOGETHER AS COCOULT INVESTIGATORS, BUT  
THEIR'S A MURKIN FIC, FALLOUT TOO.



AN  
YOU  
EXCUSE  
ME?

I  
SOUNDS  
GREAT, AND  
WE'LL TALK  
ABOUT IT  
LATER.

BUT THERE'S  
SOME THINGS I'VE  
GOT TO DO  
RIGHT NOW.

COME FOR  
LUNCH,  
I MEAN,

UP,  
ME, MR  
SHELDON

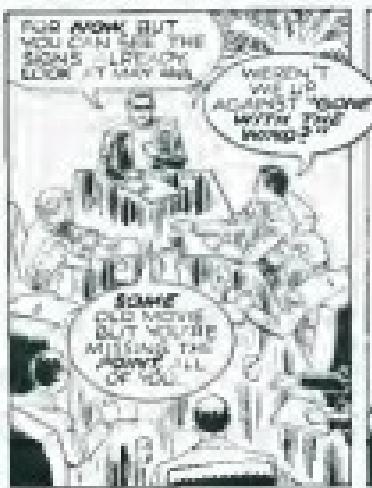


PLEASE  
CALL ME  
MURKIN













THE D. ALMAY'S LOOKED  
READY TO SET MAST-  
ERS CHASING THEM



MURKIE RUMBLE  
LOOK TO SEE  
WHAT'S AHEAD



-TO SEE  
PROBLEMS AND  
GROW BEHIND  
ALL THESE  
MONSTERS



THIS GIANT  
BEAST  
SHOULD  
EAT ITSELF

AND IT WILL. THIS  
BEAST IS EATING  
HIMSELF. THAT  
MIGHT NOT PLEASE



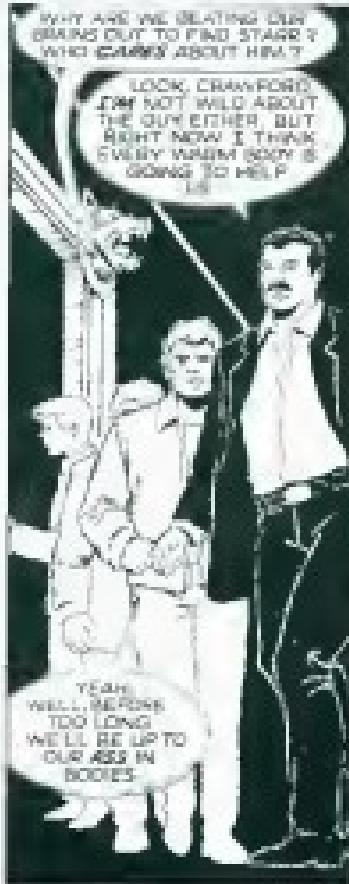
AND IT IS JAWHIT  
AND SO HEY BOY

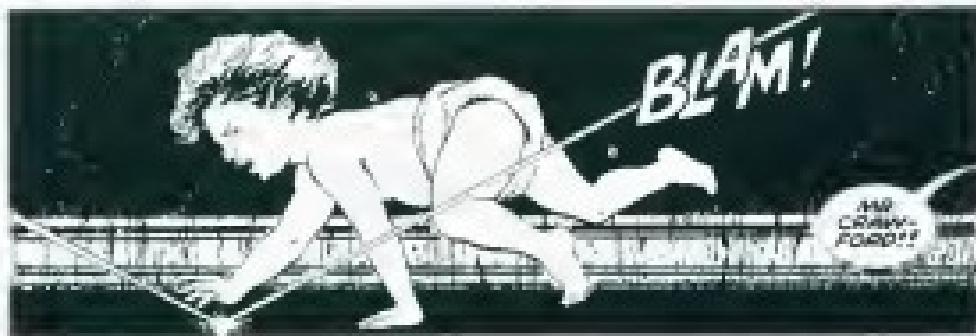
# SEEP SUCKER!

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WRITTEN BY:  
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LAYOUT BY:  
COLLEEN DORMAN  
TONES AND FINISHES BY:  
JACOBUS P. SUTTOW  
LETTERS BY:  
ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM  
ARTS: GORDON AND  
PAINTED OUT BY:  
REYES AND HOWELL







YEAH. STARING DEAD.  
ALL RIGHT. WELL, WE  
WEREN'T EXPECTING  
THAT NOW, WERE  
WE?

ARE YOU BEING  
SARCASM, MR.  
TADDEUS?

YOU'RE  
CRAZY, BOO.

CHECK  
THIS. THE STONE'S  
MISSING FROM HIS  
RING. NOW WHERE'D  
IT GET OFF  
TO?

THREE AND  
COUNTING?

THAT ONE  
HAS A NICE  
GLITTER  
TO IT--

--JUST  
LIKE A  
GHOST REE-  
SCRAM!

COUSIN...

DID YOU  
DISPOSE OF THE  
REMAINS OF  
DEENA EMERSON?

YUP

OH GOOD  
AND I'M SURE  
I CAN COUNT ON  
YOU TO HAVE  
DONE SO IN A  
PAINFUL MANNER

YUP

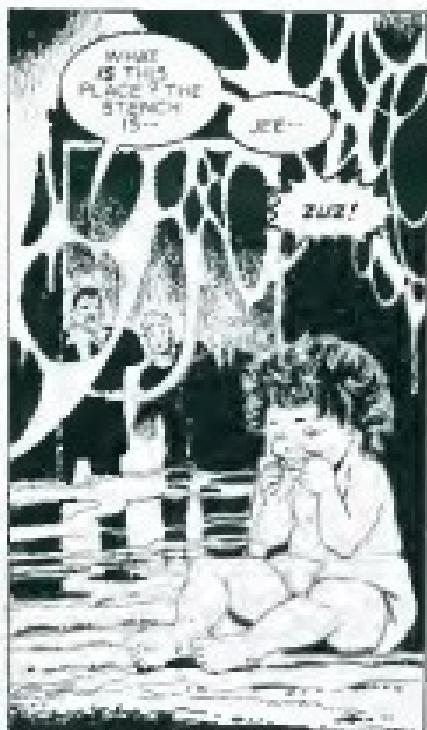
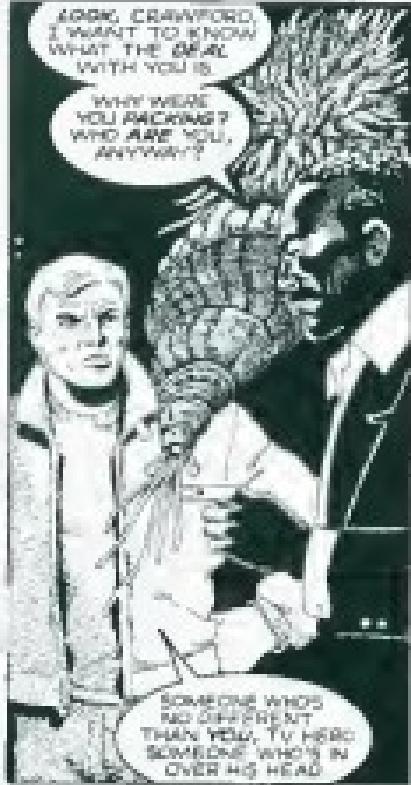
HMM

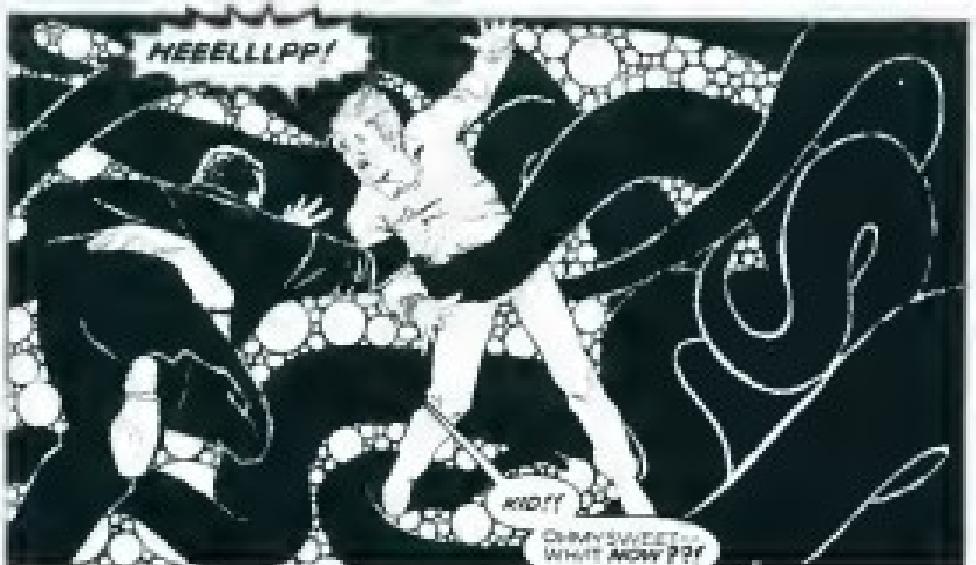
NEEDS SALT

HE'S  
THAT'S HOW I  
KNOW I WASN'T  
IMAGINING IT

IT IS THE  
BABY CRYING  
FROM SOMEWHERE  
HE SOUNDS  
CLOSE, BUT I DON'T  
SEE HIM.

KNOWING  
THAT KID,  
HE MIGHT  
BE A GHOST  
ALREADY  
OR SOMETHING.







CRAVENFORD!  
DO  
SOMETHING!



**BLAM!** **BLAM!**

RODRICK!  
SHOOT IT!  
SHOOT IT!  
YOU FAT  
AWFUL!

MR.  
TERRIFIC!

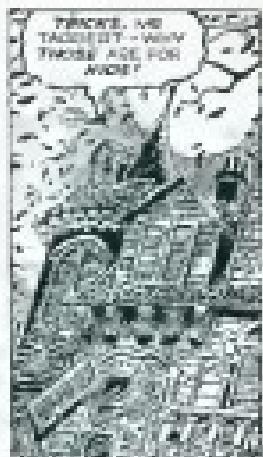
NO  
NEED FOR  
THAT, MR.  
CRAVENFORD!

ONE  
GUNLET.

AND THAT  
WON'T MEAN  
ANYTHING  
AGAINST  
THAT  
MONSTER--









BE MY VALENTINE



# DEMON RUM



WRITTEN BY  
AETERN  
DAVID

PENCILS BY  
CARL MINE  
INFANTINO

INKS BY  
STAN  
SMITH

LETTERS BY  
KEVIN  
CUNNINGHAM

EDITS BY  
REYES AND  
HOWELL











